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MAD SEASON

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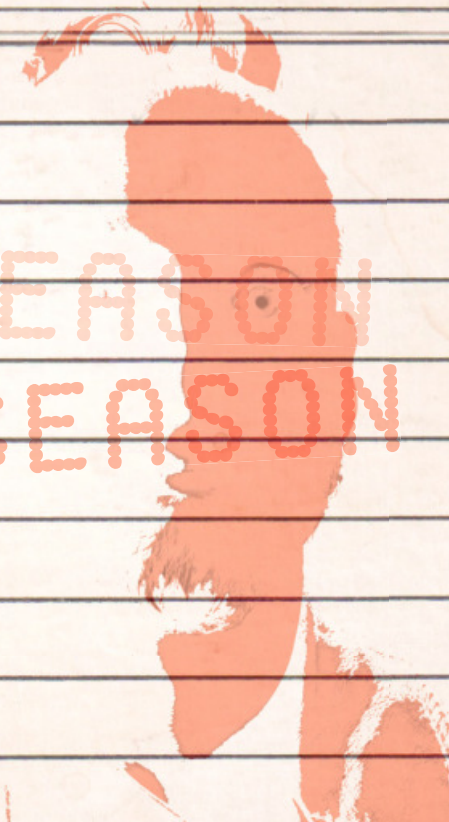
MAD SEASON

MAD SEASON



Those of us born into Generation X are fortunate, in that our lives have been shaped and reinforced by a continual soundtrack of rather exceptional music. If you grew up in the late 1960s and 70s and experienced the power of Punk and New Wave in the 80s, and then the roar of Alternative Rock in the 90s, then you are a truly blessed individual. We're all getting older now, a little grayer around the temples, and as we approach our middle age we see our own children growing up into their youth. This causes us to reflect back on a time when we too were young and full of creative ideas, when everything was possible, and age and wisdom had not yet tempered our fiery spirits. Music defined the sound and character of our generation, and it empowered us in a very special way that only music can do. Now, in the noonday sun of life, we especially remember our gifted friends who left us much too early, those talented bright stars who shined with so much power, beauty, and grace. That's how we like to remember them anyway, because unlike us, they never age in the time capsule of memory, they never make mistakes, and as time passes, we only remember their greatest qualities. The historical revisionism in our own memory-threads seems to work favorably for them in that regard, although it's rather unreasonable for the rest of us who are still forging ahead in the hurricane of life. But perhaps that is how it should be; we remember only the best in our departed friends, and what we remember most poignantly is the music we all shared together.

During the late 1980s and early 1990s a powerful musical landscape began to unfold, and many great bands and visionary artists emerged under the umbrella of Alternative Music around the world. Seattle in particular seemed to put a corner on the market, inventing its own unique style of music called Grunge, and if you own this box set, you probably know many of the bands from that era. Let's recite their names again in honor of their work: The Fastbacks, Skin Yard, The Melvins, Malfunkshun, The U-Men, Green River, Mudhoney, Tad, Mother Love Bone, Screaming Trees, Soundgarden, Alice In Chains, Nirvana, Pearl Jam, and a lengthy list of other bands that would easily fill the words in this essay. Some of those bands are still working today, others knew intuitively when their time had expired, and a few ended under more tragic circumstances. One thing is certain however; all of these bands left behind great bodies of work, some of them classic albums that still reverberate today, almost 25 years later.

There were also a few side projects that came out along the way, one of them being Temple Of The Dog, a tribute to the late Andrew Wood, the singer for Mother Love Bone. Another came from a band that wasn't so much built around the memory of someone, as it was built around the desire to make a different kind of music altogether. Thus was born the band Mad Season, a side-project that ended up being quite a bit more than we expected, and almost 20 years later our only studio album, Above, has become a cult classic that continues to reverberate well into the 21st century. And that's because it was all about playing the Blues.

Back in 1994, near the end of the classic Seattle period, four musicians came together from a wide cross section of Seattle's heaviest bands. They included Pearl Jam's lead guitarist Mike McCready, Alice In Chains lead vocalist Layne Staley, the not-from-Seattle-but-he-fit-right-in bassist John "Baker" Saunders, and I came from the bands Skin Yard and Screaming Trees. Mike and Baker had met in a rehab clinic in Minneapolis, and they immediately hit it off with their love of the Delta Blues and the bright clarity that comes from a newly sober mind. Layne and I had just done a world tour together with Screaming Trees and Alice In Chains playing dates all over the world, but we were exhausted from the grind of the road and we were looking for a different kind of musical expression. The four of us convened in Seattle during the fall and winter of 1994-5 to jam together, write a few songs, and to see where it all might lead. During those first kinetic rehearsals, we talked as friends about our previous job skills before Rock and Roll had altered our lives so dramatically.

Layne and I had both been carpenters in Seattle, pouring foundations, framing houses, and generally working as laborers until the touring life had taken over. Mike had worked at a Seattle pizzeria before he found his overnight success with Pearl Jam, and like they say, success takes years of hard work before it magically happens "overnight." Baker, although a working bassist in the Chicago and Minneapolis blues scenes, had frequently worked odd jobs to earn a living, because economic times were tough for any musician in the 1980s and 90s; it meant that you had to do a little of this and a little of that to get by. It's really not much different today.

Whatever our past jobs and bands might have been, Mad Season was now focused on making our own album, and after several highly productive rehearsals, we played a series

of secret shows at Seattle's now legendary Crocodile Café. The intent was to tighten up the songs and try out the new material on a live audience, and during these shows we realized a singular vision that would manifest in the studio a few weeks later. The recording sessions were booked at Seattle's Bad Animals Studio, at the time owned by Ann and Nancy Wilson of the band Heart, a truly heroic band for those of us who grew up in the Northwest. The recordings were overseen by engineer/producer Brett Eliason, who had previously worked for Heart, as well as running the front of house sound for Pearl Jam and Screaming Trees during our bands' early tours. Under his watchful repose, the first 10 songs were recorded, two of them featuring additional vocals from Screaming Trees vocalist Mark Lanegan, as well as some exceptional saxophone work from the Seattle Jazz musician known as Skerik. In just over two weeks time, with an additional week of mixing, the album was finished and ready to be presented to the world.

Above was released internationally on March 14th 1995 on Columbia Records and it immediately struck a resonant chord with the public that sent the album into gold status within a few weeks. It peaked at #24 on the Billboard Top 200, and the album's first single, "River Of Deceit," was a bona fide radio hit in the United States, reaching the #2 spot on the American modern rock charts. All of this happened, I might add, without the band playing a proper, advertised show or any touring.

In hindsight, I think Mad Season was one of the heaviest Blues bands to ever come out of Seattle, and the Blues speaks a musical language that every person can understand. Anchored by the deep swinging rhythm section of Baker's bass and my drums, overlaid by Mike's alternately blistering/ambient guitar work and Layne's haunting words and melodies, Mad Season essentially played a grungier version of the Blues. This unusual chemistry made us sound totally unique for our time, in an era of post Grunge, formula Rock that was beginning to dominate popular music then, as it still does to this day. Above was the only complete album of Layne Staley's introspective, mystical lyrics and in the almost 20 years since its release, a new generation of musicians and music lovers have come to discover the dark beauty of Mad Season.

What few people know is that in 1996 a second Mad Season

album was started. Again, Brett Eliason was at the helm, and Mike, Baker, and I started recording the basic tracks for 15 new songs, this time at Seattle's Ironwood Studios. Peter Buck from R.E.M. came down and helped us write a beautiful song, and Skerik returned to bang on some percussion and add his wonderful avant garde approach to our expanding sound. Unfortunately, because of his declining health, Layne was not able to make any of the recording sessions, and after a very creative but ultimately frustrating month in the studio, we all took divergent paths that sent each of us in a different direction. Mike went back to Pearl Jam, I went back to the Screaming Trees, Layne went back to Alice In Chains, and Baker, on a happier note, joined the superb Seattle Folk-Rock outfit, The Walkabouts.

A few years passed with the lingering thought that maybe, eventually, that second Mad Season album would get finished. We all hoped it would happen, but communication between the band members had become fractured and disjointed. We missed what we once had together, but we couldn't find a way to get back to that place. It was very much like the end of a great love affair; lost connections, misinterpreted messages, sadness, and eventually isolation. And then a very dark day came, when the one true god, Death, made a fateful appearance. We lost Baker to an overdose in the early winter of 1999, and then just three years later, in the spring of 2002, we lost Layne in the same way. Many of us were spiritually and musically crushed for a considerable amount of time.

My memories of Baker are rich and full of great humor. He was, you see, about 12 years older than the rest of us, which made Baker closer to 40 when we recorded Above. We thought we had lived hard lives in our own self-suffering, myopic way, but Baker truly had lived it. Born into a working class family in Montgomery, Alabama, Baker found his musical calling in the electric Blues of the Chicago and Minneapolis music scenes where he played with several respected bands, making the "chicken scratch" that Bluesmen earn. When I played with Baker for the first time, I could immediately hear his deep and ancient soul coming through his resounding bass lines, and when the Mad Season rhythm section played, we swung like a battleship in war, physically moving everyone in the room. And remember, the first notes you hear when the Above album begins is Baker's lonely bass line starting the song "Wake Up," one of the first songs he introduced

to the band. Baker set the mood of the album, and we dutifully followed.

The other thing about Baker, something that anyone who knew him would attest to, was that he was a very gentle and kind person with a deep and caring soul. He really loved people, especially the older folks, and I think it was because he knew how tough they must have been to have survived the Great Depression, WWII, and to make our country as great as it was. Baker and I bought houses close to each other after the success of our album, and he would often come over to my house in the morning for coffee, driving his "deliberately 1970s" sedan, which was classic Baker style. We'd start with black coffee, and then I would make us some breakfast and he'd tell me some hilarious story about the "old guys" he used to play with in Chicago and we'd start the day off with a good laugh. Always he made people laugh, with a story or anecdote to go with everything, but he tempered that humor with a deep respect for human beings, and a linguistical wit that was a cross between the mean streets of Chicago and his upbringing in the Great American South. Baker and I were supposed to meet for breakfast the morning he passed (I insisted we meet at a restaurant this time, rather than me doing the cooking), but sadly, he never showed up. I really wish he was still around, because he would have been the greatest "old guy" to get older with. In many ways Baker was the wisest of us all, and I only understand that now, almost 20 years later.

When Layne passed, so many people around the world were devastated. He and I had wandered through the great cities of the Western World when we toured together and that was just a memory now. As I said at the beginning of this essay, we only remember the greatest qualities in our departed friends, and what I say here are some of his best. Layne was an extremely intelligent, humorous, and gracious human being, and he cared about things like politeness and kindness to strangers, qualities that seem to be forgotten in today's narcisstic, nihilistic culture. He laughed easily and talked openly with his fans, and his guest list at shows was always reserved for the young, marginalized people who couldn't afford to buy a ticket. Those were Layne's people, the ones without a voice, and through the power of poetic language, Layne gave them a voice. He once told me a story about his first tour in South America, where, after a show in Rio de Janeiro, some of these new friends had taken him to a beautiful, jungle-like park on the outskirts of the city. As they sat on the Earth talking under a canopy of trees,

a tiny marmoset only a few inches tall leapt onto Layne's shoulder and resided there for quite some time, much to the amazement and delight of everyone. Layne said it was one of the greatest experiences he ever had on tour, and years later I saw many of these tiny creatures when I toured Brazil, but they always seemed rather terrified of humans. Apparently however, they loved Layne.

My best personal memory of Layne came when we were making the Above album and he was in the studio lounge reading Kahlil Gibran's iconic book, The Prophet, a book I highly recommend everyone read at some point in your lives. I told him I had read it as a teenager, and I liked the part about the arrows you fire into the world to keep the darkness at bay. Layne said that as musicians we were like burning arrows, arcing across the sky. We started talking about what it meant to be an artist with a spiritual message and I can tell you that Layne deeply felt that he had a spiritual message to convey in his music, even if his lyrics were dark. And that is because darkness must exist first in order for light to emerge in contrast to it; the two are inseparable parts of the same continuum. This theme is evident in all of Layne's songs, both with Mad Season and Alice In Chains, and that is because he existed in a realm between darkness and light, a place where he could see both. So please remember this: Layne was very young when he wrote and sang those lyrics, he was only in his mid twenties, yet he said a huge amount with that incredible voice. Listen to his words, because he was singing a particular kind of truth that anyone who has lived under difficult circumstances can understand.

Several years after Layne's passing I got a call from an old friend in Massachusetts who had a couple of young children. While on a family drive through the countryside, he was playing the Above album when the last song on the album, "All Alone," came on. One of the little ones in the back seat asked if there were angels singing on the song, a question that he relayed to me over the phone. "Yeah, he was a certain kind of angel" I said, "a dark one perhaps, but an angel all the same."

We lost Baker and Layne, and several other great Northwest musicians in those dark Seattle years, but one of the truths I have learned since then is that a person's character and talent are not reduced by their personal obstacles; those are merely the outer challenges that serve to temper and forge the spirit within. A

person in darkness is very often closest to the light, and that is why I choose to remember Layne and Baker as exceptional human beings first and foremost. They also happened to be tremendous musical artists who loved the Earth and loved its people, even if the world was a bit hard on them. I spoke at Baker's funeral and I wrote the eulogy for Layne's, and at both times I quoted another great Seattleite, the historical Chief Sealth of the Duwamish people, after whom the city of Seattle is named. The Great Chief famously stated, "There is no death, only a change of worlds." I would add that I believe we live in many different worlds, some of them dark, some of them light.

It's now the summer of 2012, and Mike McCready, Brett Eliason, and I have recently convened to sift through the original magnetic tapes from that second unfinished album. We are revisiting three of the best songs from those sessions, including the one that Peter Buck co-wrote, as well as two other songs that we feel best exemplify the direction the band was going before Baker's and Layne's untimely deaths. This time around, Mark Lanegan has returned to honor his friends with his own words and magnificent voice on those three songs. We've created this box set for you, with a remastered version of Above that contains these three new songs, as well as a guitar interlude Mike recorded during the Above sessions that we totally forgot about until we unearthed the tapes. The remaster closes with our version of John Lennon's "I Don't Wanna Be A Soldier," taken from his classic album Imagine. In addition to the remaster, you'll also find all the live recordings, along with this booklet and some never before seen photos. Once again, Brett Eliason has recorded and mixed everything to the highest quality standards that our band would expect and I know you're going to love these new songs. More importantly, I think Layne and Baker will love them too. It's in their memory after all.

So we thank you for honoring the legacy of our departed friends, those burning arrows who still arc across the darkened skies. We love them, we miss them, and we remember them through the power of the music we made together. We also thank you for continuing to support Northwest music over the years, and the many bands that continue to emerge from this great region of the country. There is something truly special up here, between the mountains, the lakes, and all the glorious rain. Up here, magic resides.

Barrett Martin
Fall 2012

WAKE UP

WAKE UP YOUNG MAN, IT'S TIME
TO WAKE UP
YOUR LOVE AFFAIR HAS GOT TO GO
FOR 10 LONG YEARS THE LEAVES
TO RAKE UP
SLOW SUICIDE'S NO WAY TO GO
BLUE, CLOUDED GREY
YOU'RE NOT A CRACK UP
DIZZY AND WEAKENED BY THE HAZE
MOVING ONWARD
SO AN INFECTION NOT A PHASE
THE CRACKS AND LINES FROM
WHERE YOU GAVE UP
THEY MAKE AN EASY MAN TO READ
FOR ALL THE TIMES YOU LET THEM
BLEED YOU
FOR LITTLE PEACE FROM GOD YOU PLEAD
AND BEG
FOR LITTLE PEACE FROM GOD YOU PLEAD

X-RAY MIND

DO THE LAUGHS DIE WHEN
ONE SUCH AS I RUN
AND ALLOW MYSELF
TIME FOR OWN TRUE
NEEDS
WHEN CONVINCING ME
THAT YOU'RE ON MY TEAM
MAY NOT LIE TO ME
BUT NOT MENTIONING

X-RAY MIND READS
PLENTY
WORTH NO MORE THAN
PENNIES

SO SIT BACK AND HAVE
AN HYSTERICAL
LAUGH AT TINY HOLES
BUY AND TRADE MEN'S
SOULS
HIRE A SPY AND BUG ME
PIMP YOUR FRIENDS FOR
MONEY

YOU, THEY, YOU OR WHAT
HAVE BEEN FAIR I THOUGHT
MAY YOU NEVER FREE
YOU FROM YOU OR ME
SEE THE MORE I THINK
I'M AFRAID TO.BLINK
I DON'T MOVE AN INCH
SLOWLY DRAINING ME

RICH AND GROWING SICKER
SELL THE DEAD ONES QUICKER

RIVER OF DECEIT

MY PAIN IS SELF-CHOSEN
AT LEAST SO THE PROPHET SAYS
I COULD EITHER BURN
OR CUT OFF MY PRIDE, AND BUY SOME TIME
A HEAD FULL OF LIES IS THE WEIGHT, TIED TO MY WAIST

THE RIVER OF DECEIT PULLS DOWN
THE ONLY DIRECTION WE FLOW IS DOWN
DOWN, OH DOWN
DOWN, OH DOWN
DOWN, OH DOWN
DOWN, OH DOWN

MY PAIN IS SELF-CHOSEN
AT LEAST I BELIEVE IT TO BE
I COULD EITHER DROWN
OR PULL OFF MY SKIN AND SWIM TO SHORE
NOW I CAN GROW A BEAUTIFUL SHELL FOR ALL TO SEE

I'M ABOVE

FOR CLEAR SPACE AND
SOUNDNESS OF MIND
I'VE LET YOU PLAY ME FOR
SOME TIME
ONE CAN ONLY RECEIVE AND
RETAIN
BUT THE LIES YOU RECITE FOR
YOUR GAIN
SO YOU RELY ON MY FAITH IN
YOUR KIND
OR RATHER CONTINUE TO
PRETEND THAT I'M BLIND
YOU SAY I MADE YOUR LIFE A
LIVING HELL
AND YET STILL LET ME PAY
YOU WHEN I FELL

HOW IS IT YOU'RE FEELING SO
UNEASY?
HOW IS IT THAT I FEEL FINE?
LIFE REVEALS WHAT IS DEALT
THROUGH SEASONS
CIRCLE COMES AROUND EACH
TIME
I'VE BEEN BLESSED WITH EYES
TO SEE THIS

BEHIND THE UNWHOLE TRUTH YOU
HIDE
BITE TO REMIND THE BITTEN,
BIGGER
MOUTH REPAYING TENFOLD WIDE

I'M ABOVE
OVER YOU I'M STANDING ABOVE
CLAIMING UNCONDITIONAL LOVE
ABOVE

TRY TO KEEP BAD BLOOD IN THE
PAST
NEVER THOUGHT A CHANCE, A
CHANCE IT WOULD LAST
I HAVE STRENGTH ENOUGH,
ENOUGH TO FORGIVE
I DESIRE PEACE WHERE I LIVE

(REPEAT HEAVY CHORUS)
(REPEAT SOFT CHORUS. . .
OUT)

ARTIFICIAL RED

ARTIFICIAL RED, SMOKE, POISON CONSUMED
IN THE HOUSE OF ILL REPUTE
IS THIS THE WAY I SPEND MY DAYS
IN RECOVERY OF A FATAL DISEASE?
ON A CLOUD OF PINK HAS TURNED TO GREY
AND I'M ALONE AGAIN
SOMEONE TO HOLD AGAINST MY OWN
ALONE, UNTOUCHED IS WHAT I CRAVE
ARTIFICIAL RED, SMOKE, POISON CONSUMED
IN THE HOUSE OF ILL REPUTE
IS THIS THE PLACE I SEARCH FOR LOVE

WHEN MY NEED IS WITHIN ME, A GIFT FROM ABOVE

LIFELESS DEAD

LIFELESS DEAD, THAT UNCLEAN BED
TILL OR WHEN HER HUNGER'S FED
HOW HE'D WISHED THAT THEY WOULD WED
"I PROMISE ON OUR LOVE" SHE SAID
PROMISES WERE NEVER KEPT
ALONE ON DIRTY FLOOR HE SLEPT

YEAH, LIFELESS DEAD

AND ALTHOUGH HE'D NOT ACCEPT
SHE WAS GONE AND SO HE WEPT
THEN A DEMON CAME TO HIM
"YOU MUST KNOW I'M GONNA WIN"

YEAH, LIFELESS DEAD

HE SAID, SHE SAID
SHE LED HIM DEAD
HE SAID WE BLED
SHE SAID NOT FED

LIFELESS DEAD, LIFELESS DEAD
LIFELESS DEAD, LIFELESS DEAD…

I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING

I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING
I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING
I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING
I DON'T KNOW WHO I AM

I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING
I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING
I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING
I DON'T KNOW WHO TO BE

WHY WE HAVE TO LIVE IN SO MUCH HATE EVERYDAY? OH YEAH
WHY THE FIGHTING AND THE COMING DOWN, AM I SANE?
I DON'T KNOW
WHEN THE TEACHER PUT THE RULER DOWN ON MY HAND, I LAUGH!
CROSS MY HEART AND HIDE RELIEVER IN TRAILS OF BLOOD, I LOVE?!?

(REPEAT ALL)

LONG GONE DAY

SO MUCH BLOOD I'M STARTING TO DROWN
RUNS FROM COLD TO COLDER
TIME TO TIME THE SKY'S COME DOWN
TO HELP ME LOSE MY WAY
TEARS AND LIES FOR ANSWERS
YOU AND OPEN VEINS, GOD KNOWS
I'M GONE
GIRL I JUST WANT YOU TO
COME ON DOWN
LORD IT'S A STORM AND I'M HEADING TO FALL
THESE SINS ARE MINE AND I'VE DONE WRONG, OH BABE
COME ON DOWN
(CHORUS)
LONG GONE DAY
MMMM, WHO EVER SAID
WE WASH AWAY WITH THE RAIN
SEE YOU ALL FROM TIME TO TIME
ISN'T IT SO STRANGE
HOW FAR AWAY WE ALL ARE NOW
AM I THE ONLY ONE WHO
REMEMBERS THAT SUMMER
OH, I REMEMBER
EVERYDAY EACH TIME THE PLACE WAS SAVED
THE MUSIC THAT WE MADE
THE WIND HAS CARRIED ALL OF THAT
AWAY
(CHORUS)
SO MANY TEARS I'M STARTING TO DROWN
THE RAIN IN HEAVEN'S ALL COME DOWN
SILVER SPOONS AFFIX THE CROWN
THE LUCKLESS ONES ARE BROKEN
TEARS AND LIES FOR ANSWERS
YOU AND OPEN FLAMES
GOD KNOWS I'M GONE
AND I JUST WANT YOU TO
COME ON DOWN, HMMM
LORD IT'S A STORM AND I'M HEADING TO FALL
THESE SINS ARE MINE AND I'VE DONE WRONG
I WANT YOU TO, OH, I JUST WANT YOU TO
COME ON DOWN
I FEAR AGAIN, LIKE THEN, I'VE LOST MY WAY
AND SHOUT TO GOD TO BRING MY SUNNY DAY

NOVEMBER HOTEL

ALL ALONE

INTERLUDE

LOCOMOTIVE

NO SLEEP
YOUR COUNTENANCE FALLEN, TURNED WHITE AS A SHEET
IN THE FACE OF THE RAIN GROWING COLDER
THE WALLFLOWER WALTZING
LOCOMOTIVE CRAWLING
BLOOD ON THE WHEELS WHERE THE RUST DON'T STAIN
YOUR SELF CHOSEN CURE IS YOUR SELF CHOSEN PAIN
NO TIME TO RIDE
ON THE BACK OF A BEAST SUCH AS SUICIDE
JOHNNY COME LATELY
THE BLACK LIGHT SUITS YOU BABY
TOO SWEET
IT'S THERE FOR THE KILLING, LAYING THERE AT YOUR
FEET
BUT THE FACE IN THE MIRROR'S GROWN OLDER
A BELL DISTANT RINGING
A SCORPION STINGING
THE WHEEL'S MAKING NOISE BUT YOUR MIND DON'T CARE
THE WORLD SCREAMING IN LIKE YOU'RE NOT EVEN THERE
YOU SLIDE INSIDE
TO THE BACK OF A TRAIN THEY CALL SUICIDE
JOHNNY COME LATELY
YOU KNOW THE BLACK LIGHT SUITS YOU BABY

LYRICS BY MARK LANEGAN

BLACK BOOK OF FEAR

DISCONNECTED
FAR ABOVE THE GROUND
BUT TOO CLOSE TO HEAR THAT THUNDERING SOUND
NEGLECTED
BEHIND CASTLE WALLS
IT'S YOUR HIGHWIRE WALK, IT'S YOUR KINGDOM
TO FALL
RAINING
GOD GIVE UP THE RAIN
THE WAY IT COMES DOWN IS A GODDAMN SHAME
FADING
FADING TO BLUE
AS DISTANT AS TIME AS COLD AS THE MOON

THIS IS THE ROOM WHERE A CRIME SCENE WAS
STAGED
OPENED THE BLACK BOOK OF FEAR AND TORE OUT
A PAGE

ONE OF THESE DAYS
WE'LL BE WALKING IN THE SUN
SOME SIMPLE DAY
THAT HAS NOT YET BEGUN
IN ONE OF THESE VISIONS THE DEVIL GOT AWAY
IN ONE OF THESE DREAMS THE DIRT DIDN'T
STAIN

THIS IS THE HOUSE WHERE A CRIME SCENE WAS
STAGED
OPENED THE BLACK BOOK OF FEAR AND TORE OUT
A PAGE

LYRICS BY MARK LANEGAN

SLIP AWAY

BORN OF THE WATER
BORN OF THE FLAME
THIS LIFE IS A MONSTER
DON'T YOU KNOW ITS NAME
THE HOUSE IT IS WOODEN
THE HOUSE IT IS STONE
THE PROUD BROKEN HEARTED
AND CLOSE TO THE BONE
ONCE YOU HAD A NIGHTMARE
AND THEN IT CAME TO PASS
GREY IS THE SKY IN THE MORNING
GREEN IS THE GRASS COVERING THE GRAVE

SLIP AWAY.

DOWN TO THE WATER
DRAWN TO THE FLAME
THIS LIFE'LL LEAVE YOU CRIPPLED
DON'T YOU KNOW THE GAME
ONCE YOU WOKE UP CHOKING
AND THEN YOU HELD IT DOWN
DRY AS THE SAND IN THE DESERT
BLACK AS THE CLOUDS COVERING THE SUN

LYRICS BY MARK LANEGAN

I DON'T WANNA BE A SOLDIER

(REMIX) WRITTEN BY JOHN LENNON

MAD SEASON:

LAYNE STALEY: VOCALS, GUITAR

MIKE MCCREADY: ELECTRIC AND ACOUSTIC GUITARS

JOHN BAKER SAUNDERS: ELECTRIC BASS

BARRETT MARTIN: DRUMS, PERCUSSION,
UPRIGHT BASS, CELLO, MARIMBA, VIBES

MARK LANEGAN: VOCALS ON "I'M ABOVE," "LONG GONE DAY," "LOCOMOTIVE," "BLACK BOOK OF FEAR" AND "SLIP AWAY"

NALGAS SIN CARNE: SAXOPHONE ON "LONG GONE DAY" AND "I DON'T WANNA BE A SOLDIER," ADDITIONAL PERCUSSION

ALL LYRICS BY LAYNE STALEY, EXCEPT "LOCOMOTIVE," "SLIP AWAY" AND "BLACK BOOK OF FEAR" LYRICS BY MARK LANEGAN
ALL MUSIC BY MAD SEASON EXCEPT "I'M ABOVE" AND "LONG GONE DAY" MUSIC BY MICHAEL MCCREADY, BARRETT MARTIN AND MARK LANEGAN; AND
"BLACK BOOK OF FEAR" MUSIC BY MICHAEL MCCREADY, BARRETT MARTIN, JOHN SAUNDERS, MARK LANEGAN AND PETER BUCK
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CD1

1. WAKE UP (7:36)
2. X-RAY MIND (5:13)
3. RIVER OF DECEIT (5:02)
4. I'M ABOVE (5:44)
5. ARTIFICIAL RED (6:14)
6. LIFELESS DEAD (4:27)
7. I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING (5:00)
8. LONG GONE DAY (4:49)
9. NOVEMBER HOTEL (7:04)
10. ALL ALONE (4:11)

PRODUCED BY MAD SEASON AND BRETT ELIASON
RECORDED AND MIXED BY BRETT ELIASON
SECOND ENGINEERS: SONY FELHO AND SAM HOFSTEDT
RECORDED AND MIXED AT BAD ANIMALS, SEATTLE, WA
REMASTERED BY JOE GASTWIRT

BONUS TRACKS
11. INTERLUDE (0:43)
12. LOCOMOTIVE (4:32)
13. BLACK BOOK OF FEAR (6:05)
14. SLIP AWAY (5:37)
15. I DON'T WANNA BE A SOLDIER (REMIX) (5:52)

TRACK 11
PRODUCED BY MAD SEASON AND BRETT ELIASON
RECORDED AND MIXED BY BRETT ELIASON
SECOND ENGINEERS: SONY FELHO AND SAM HOFSTEDT
RECORDED AND MIXED AT BAD ANIMALS, SEATTLE, WA
REMASTERED BY JOE GASTWIRT

TRACKS 12-14
PRODUCED BY MAD SEASON AND BRETT ELIASON
RECORDED AND MIXED BY BRETT ELIASON
ASSISTANT ENGINEERS: JOHN BURTON AND FLOYD REITSMA
RECORDED AT IRONWOOD STUDIOS, SEATTLE, WA
MIXED AT TRAILMIX STUDIO, NORTH BEND, WA
MARK LANEGAN VOCALS RECORDED BY ALAIN JOHANNES
MASTERED BY JOE GASTWIRT

TRACK 15
PRODUCED BY MAD SEASON AND BRETT ELIASON
RECORDED AND MIXED BY BRETT ELIASON
SECOND ENGINEERS: SONY FELHO AND SAM HOFSTEDT
RECORDED AT BAD ANIMALS, SEATTLE, WA
MIXED AT TRAILMIX STUDIO, NORTH BEND, WA
REMASTERED BY JOE GASTWIRT

1-10 ORIGINALLY RELEASED AS COLUMBIA, C2 67057, 1995. Ⓟ 1995 COLUMBIA RECORDS, A DIVISION OF SONY MUSIC ENTERTAINMENT
11-14 ARE PREVIOUSLY UNRELEASED. Ⓟ 2013 COLUMBIA RECORDS, A DIVISION OF SONY MUSIC ENTERTAINMENT
15 IS NEWLY REMIXED. ORIGINALLY RELEASED ON WORKING CLASS HERO: A TRIBUTE TO JOHN LENNON (HOLLYWOOD, HR-62015-2, 1995). Ⓟ 1995 HOLLYWOOD RECORDS, INC.

CD2

1. WAKE UP (7:38)
2. LIFELESS DEAD (4:59)
3. ARTIFICIAL RED (6:21)
4. RIVER OF DECEIT (5:10)
5. I DON'T WANNA BE A SOLDIER (9:20)
6. LONG GONE DAY (5:21)
7. I'M ABOVE (5:36)
8. I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING (6:23)
9. X-RAY MIND (5:31)
10. ALL ALONE (4:17)
11. NOVEMBER HOTEL (13:49)

ALL TRACKS RECORDED LIVE AT THE MOORE THEATRE, APRIL 29, 1995, SEATTLE, WA
ALL TRACKS NEWLY MIXED BY BRETT ELIASON, MASTERED BY JOE GASTWIRT
TRACKS 4, 8, 9, 10 & 11 ORIGINALLY RELEASED IN AUSTRIA
ON THE "I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING" CD SINGLE, 1995
Ⓟ 2013 COLUMBIA RECORDS, A DIVISION OF SONY MUSIC ENTERTAINMENT

COMPILATION PRODUCED BY MIKE MCCREADY AND BARRETT MARTIN
MASTERED BY JOE GASTWIRT AT JOE GASTWIRT MASTERING, OAK PARK, CA
REISSUE ART DIRECTOR: REGAN HÄGAR
PHOTOGRAPHY: LANCE MERCER
COVER ARTWORK: LAYNE STALEY
PROJECT DIRECTION FOR LEGACY: JIM LANE
MARKETING FOR LEGACY: MANDY EIDGAH AND JENNIFER FEINBERG
A&R FOR LEGACY: DARREN SALMIERI

THANKS TO ADAM BLOCK, JOHN JACKSON, JEFF SCHULBERG, RICHARD ALCOCK, JASON RADITCH, RICH RUGGIERO, HOWARD LAU, GEORGE WERDANN, MICHAEL REMZA, JEREMY STRENO, MARK WILLIAMS, DANTE ALSTON, STEVE HUGHES, PATRICK HUGHES, KARA WINTERS, NICK PETROCELLI, FRED LAWRENCE
MONKEYWRENCH RECORDS: KELLY CURTIS, MICHELE ANTHONY, CHRISTIAN FRESCO, JESSICA CURTIS, NICOLE VANDENBERG, SARAH SEILER, TIM BIERMAN, REGAN HÄGAR, KEVIN SHUSS, JOHN BURTON, ROB SKINNER, ANNA FRIEL, ANDREA DRAMER, BETH O'BRIEN, ELLIOT GROFFMAN, PAUL GUTMAN, JAMIE CHEEK, JEFF JONES

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